

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Monsieur Remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: lacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou foldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: He will gine the diuell his due.

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stufte your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? Is Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduerture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profitting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Allhallowen Summer.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-hill*, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduerture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'll set vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and firrah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes, that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the iest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:

Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidayes,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they teldome come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a fullen ground;
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath bene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to furre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath bene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vied on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord,

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vife and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmesdon* tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied:
As was deliuered to your Maiesty
Who either through enuy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.

But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt;
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.

He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twist his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon
He gaue his Nose, and took it away againe.

Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And fill he snild and talk'd
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,

To bring a shouely vnhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.

With many Holiday and Lady teame
He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.

I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so perser'd with a Poppingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Answer'd (nephewlingly) I know not what,

He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God haue the marke;

And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth
Was Paracitty, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pitty, so it was,
That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth.

Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd,
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes;
He would himselfe haue bene a Souldier.

This bold, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,

Between my Love, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What euer *Harry Percy* then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably dye, and neuer rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnlay it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouiso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall rancome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,

Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betray'd
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?

Shall we buy Treason, and indent with Feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves?

No: on the barren Mountain
For I shall neuer hold that man
Whose tongue shall aske me
To rancome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*
He neuer did fall off, my Souerain:
But by the chance of Warre:
Needs no more but one tongue

Those mouthed Wounds, which
When on the gentle Sequestres
In single Opposition hand to hand
He did confound the best part
In changing hardiment with g

Three times they breath'd, and
Vpon agreement, of swift Seuer
Who then affrighted with the
Ran fearefully among the trees
And hid his crispe head in the
Blood-stained with these Vallys

Neuer did bafe and rotten Pol
Colour her working with such
Nor neuer could the Noble
Receiue so many, and all within
Then let him not be stand red

King. Thou do'st bely him.
He neuer did encounter with
I tell thee, he durst as well haue
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy
Art thou not asham'd? But Sir

Let me not heare you speake of
Send me your Prisoners with
Or you shall heare in such a kin
As will displease ye. My Lord
We License your departure with

Send vs your Prisoners, or you
Hot. And if the diuell come
I will not send them. I will af
And tell him so: for I will ease
Although it be with hazard of

Nor. What? drunke with ch
Heere comes your Vnckle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will speake of him, and
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne
In his behalfe, Ile empty all th
And shed my deere blood dro
But I will life the downfall

As high I th Ayre, as this Vnth
As this Ingrate and Cankred

Nor. Brother, the King ha
Wor. Who strooke this hea

Hot. He will (forfooth) ha
And when I vrg'd the ransom
Of my Wiues Brother, then hi
And on my face he turn'd an e
Trembling euen at the name

Wor. I cannot blame him:
By *Richard* that dead is, the ne

Nor. He was: I heard the
And then it was, when the vn
(Whose wrongs in vs God p
Vpon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he intercepted,
To be depos'd, and shortly m

Wor. And for whose death, w
Liue scandaliz'd, and fouly sp